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1904

# Bits By a Buckeye Boy

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DENNIS E. GOMPF.

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## PRELUDE.

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Truth stand out in evident wondrous,  
Facts, tho' new, are always passing away;  
While fair the world, or foul amid thunders,  
Are there not subjects—subjects for aye?

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## MY LONGING MOOD.

Longing for a subject on which to write  
Something to take up the time  
For to write, for me is a delight  
If the writing can be written in rhyme.  
Just for a subject, with some inspiration  
Combined, to make it more powerful and  
good,  
Lines of words, in rhymes, to move a nation,  
This is my longing mood.

## THE CARRIAGE PAINTER.

Daub, daub, dip and daub,  
Sometimes exchanging brushes;  
Around the corners he first does bob,  
Then 'cross the panel rushes.  
Around the irons, the nuts and bolts  
His master hand does canter—  
Daub, daub, dip and daub,  
This is the work of a painter.

The rough places are smoothed down  
With a piece of sandpaper.  
If he's young and in a town  
He's out at nights to caper,  
Mixing his colors to suit the taste  
Of another 'tho quainter—  
Daub, daub, dip and daub,  
This is the work of a painter.

He fills up the holes and all the cracks  
With a chunk of putty;  
He washes all the rigs and hacks  
That come in a little muddy.  
A good-natured fellow is he,  
He's a joker, he's a tanter—  
Daub, daub, dip and daub,  
This is the work of a painter.

Steady he works 'till the work runs slack,  
Off every Fall 'till in the Spring  
You'll find that he has gone back,  
At the very same old thing.  
He's ready to color any man's eyes,  
A great hand to banter—  
Daub, daub, dip and daub,  
This is the work of a painter.

He turns his wheel spoke by spoke,  
He labors with a will;  
He turns each story into a joke  
Until you have your fill.  
He has to be very feeble and old  
To have his voice grow fainter—  
Daub, daub, dip and daub,  
This is the work of the painter.

## SISTER'S SUSPICIONS.

I often wonder who will be  
A brother-in-law just for me;  
But then it makes sister so awfully hot,  
And, says she, "I guess it is not  
Anybody," and says she, so very cross,  
"For awhile yet, I'll be my own boss!"

How well I like to laugh and tease  
When she flies up, as do flees;  
And throws a dish rag or a broom,  
When we talk of the coming groom.  
Oh, how well I like to hear her jaw,  
And say "Now I'll just go and call Ma!"

## BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Still fresh were the memories of Malvern Hill,  
Of Fredricksburg, Antietam and Chancellors-  
ville;

When into Virginia's wilderness so swampy and  
low,

Forward into the "hell of war" to meet the foe,  
From General to Colonel down to the drummer,  
Was the motto: "We'll fight it out if it takes all  
summer."

No cavalry dash, only the infantry's butchery  
galore,

No, never was done such fighting before!

After five days of continual manuvering and  
fighting were done,

Both sides announced a great victory won!

Both in its glory, its losses did share,

But to our knowledge no victory was there.

The sixth day, all tired out, to the core,

The tale of the battle was best told by its gore;

'Twas a very dreary day we must confess

When the Union army plunged into the wilder-  
ness.

## CORN HUSKING.

At their chores they are hustling,  
Before the daylight, at early morn,  
The farmers are now husking,—  
Husking out their corn.

The work to some is uninviting,  
Tho' it is not so very hard;  
But they're like a student reciting  
The rhymes of a melancholy bard.

Of a family, take for instance,  
Say one girl and a boy,  
With a hired man and a hired girl,  
And the parents, what a joy!

So in the forenoon, each man takes a shock  
In a separate row, yet  
The father may leave the boy a block,  
Just for the pace to set.

When they go to their dinner table.  
After the horses are all fed in the stable,  
And are eating, the old man says he'll begin  
"This afternoon to haul some corn in."

And so he does, but his son  
And the hired man husk on  
Till supper time, when they go  
In to eat again, when the sun is low.

The dishes washed,  
The supper o'er,  
Says the mother

"Could you make use of about three  
more?"

“Yes,” says the father,  
“We easily could,”  
“Then I guess we’ll go,”  
“I wish that you would!”

And the boys now try a plan,  
Which was of a sort like this,—  
Will and the hired man,  
Each to have a girl and maybe a kiss.

So up from his chair,  
Across the kitchen floor  
Jumped Will, who joined her there,  
The hired girl at the door.

Then the parents followed close to their  
heels,  
And directly behind them as run the  
back wheels  
Of a vehicle, came unwearied and unladen,  
The hired man and the maiden.

When to the field walked the six,  
The hired man said to his girl “soc nix!”  
A cloud crept under the moon as a shield,  
Soon after they started to work in the field.

Out of the house after dark,  
She said she was afraid,  
But she only wanted this eve to spark,  
Did this pretty young maid!

And each had a pardner on his own row,  
The evening air cool and no wind did blow;  
And under the moonlight sky so clear,  
Where was a courtship e’er half so dear!

The grand old moon was slowly sinking  
Down in the fathomless west,  
Ere the old gent' began a' thinking,  
It is time to go to rest.

"Will," he said, "Oh Will," he called,  
But William he only a little squalled;  
"See where the moon has already fell!"  
"Yes," answered Will, with a yell.

So, soon from their shock they parted,  
To the old people they slowly started.  
"Hurry up now, or we won't wait,  
Don't you see that it's getting late?"

He stumbled over a pumpkin,  
She stumbled over a squash:  
They fell to the ground and nearly sunk in,  
But he only said "By gosh!"

To the girl these words her disapproval met,  
And as she softly tapped him on the head,  
Have you forgotten,--how could you forget  
What last Sunday the preacher said?"

The laughter echoed up at the barn,  
The old gent' only said "Consarn!"  
He was not mad but filled with glee  
And ordered sung "My Country 'Tis of  
Thee!"

Said he, "Each one may try a separate  
verse,  
The hired man to sing his first."  
Then with a voice so melodiously strong  
He sang his verse tho' the words were  
wrong.

“My sweetheart, ’tis of Thee,  
Sweetest girl I ere did see,  
Of Thee I sing;  
E’en by thy mother’s side,  
I’m on the other side,  
Will you become my bride,  
Unto Eternity?”

Where hath music, sir,  
Any more greater charms,  
Then when you of ‘her,’  
With ‘her’ in your arms?

The old man sang next,  
Looked somewhat vexed  
As he began,  
This is what he sang:

“My hired man ’tis of Thee,  
Thou who works for me,  
My surprise is immense;  
If you want my daughter, now  
Come to me with a vow”—  
At this the dog barked ‘wow,’  
At the cat on the fence!

The chickens did cackle,  
The roosters did crow,  
As the old man went to tackle  
The poor dog with a hoe.

When to the pump they came,  
Each husker took a drink of water,  
Went into the house at time the same;  
Hired ones, parents, son and daughter.

Soon they take off their shoes,  
To go to bed to take a snooze.  
When nearly asleep, the father did say:  
“Consarn what’ll become of them some  
day?”

The next morning ere  
The clock had struck four,  
Each one was there  
At his particular chore.

The boy said he got up too soon,  
And he went on whistling a tune;  
“Ought to be thankful,” the father said,  
“For a good home, and a good bed!”

City lads and lasses too,  
Where’s the happy days since you’re  
born,  
If you never, never knew  
Of the joys of husking corn?

A fellow once worked for my dad,  
 Well, I was then just a lad,—  
 An old fashioned kind Pennsylvanian;  
 A good story teller, a hard working man,  
 Many an evening, very tired, he would come  
 To the house, then 'twas his home,  
 From the fields in which  
 He was ploughing corn or digging a ditch.

In the evening he'd sit and stories he'd tell,  
 So one night as he came in from the well  
 He heard a squeech in a near-by tree,  
 "That puts me in mind of an owl," said he.  
 This question he asked of my Pa,  
 But dad only looked kind of funny at Ma,  
 Said he, to my father, whose name is Josiah,  
 "Have you any fat owls out here in Ohio?"

"I never knew or heard of any,  
 There may be a few but they're not many—  
 Have you any of them in Pennsylvania?"  
 "Oh yes," said he, "Why one day  
 One of our neighbors came over to my house,  
 Asked me to help butcher a couple of sows;  
 We'll give you your dinner, try have some-  
     thing to eat,  
 The rest you can take out in money or  
     meat."

"Saying everything that I meant,  
Promised to go, so I went.

"Before the hogs we'll butcher the fowl,"  
And soon he drug out a big fat owl.  
'Twas dead, I asked where he got it,  
He then told me how he had shot it;  
That ever a man would a harmless owl skin,  
It looks too bad, almost a sin!"

"He was so nice, so fat and yellow,  
We boiled him up just for the tallow."  
His story to us now tho' old,  
'Twas the best I believe he ever told."  
'Twas the fattest one he ever saw,  
I heard him tell it to my Pa;  
Said he, as on the floor he spat,  
"We got 16 lbs. of tallow without the gut-fat!"

## MY HINDU GIRL.

From the wilds of India, a few days ago, I came,  
Where I had been on a hunt for some big game.

I had went there

To shoot at bear,

Lion or even elephant, in the day light,

And, I returned with the love of one,

Whose skin was darkened by the sun;

And sweetly I think of her tonight.

Still you may wonder why I took that dark girl,  
I'll tell how afore death herself did hurl.

She wanted to become my wife,

For she once had saved my life,—

And this is the way 'twas done:

In the heat of a torrid day,

In the jungles of India,

A Hindu girl my heart had won.

I was passing along a singing a song,

All at once filled with fear, something was wrong.

I had heard a loud roar,

Just as if a wild boar

Was near me, and, soon it stopped,

My rifle I let go

Just for to show

Him how it popped!

I felt the thump of my own dear heart

And thought from this world soon to depart,

As again it did snort,

And to snort resort;

And still, I stood—quite shaking;

And longed for my once sweetheart Pearl,

But here is where I won my new girl,—

And it seemed as if the earth was quaking!

A maiden had witnessed my scare,  
Then with her hair

A streaming down her back

Came a running, came a running as any  
quack.

“How do you do,” I said,—

Yet she could not understand

Nor could I the language of that land,  
And faster t’ward me she sped.

Whate’er it was I did not know,

But I’m quite sure I let him go.

Said I to the dame,

“Please what is your name?”

She only smiled but knew I was talking,

‘Saying something,’ I s’pose that what  
she thought,

But at the same time I didn’t know I had  
bought

Her and her love. We went together walking.

Walk, well we did, and I pointed to some smoke,

She guided to it though knew not what I spoke.

And the smoke was in a town

Where she squatted down,

Down on her knees she did fall

And rolled and kicked, turned over,—

For she said she was my lover,

And every little bit she would give a wild squall.

But what will I do,

With the little Hindu?

She had such charming eyes,

And she was just my size,

And just the shape and form of a girl I had  
longed!

Of her I remember yet,

How I left her sit

And wonder if I have really wronged.

Only a few days it seems,  
Since love has had its dreams;  
    But here I am  
    Safely back again.  
Sweetly I think of the by-gone years,  
    And while I sit and wonder who,  
    Now, is the lover of my little Hindu,  
It but brings forth fond memory's dreams.

## THE OLENTANGY.

How well it swerves  
With graceful curves,  
It's bends could be no rounder.  
With water clear  
And pure and dear,  
Reminding one of its Founder.

Where wild grape vines climb,  
Where church bells chime,  
And grows the sycamore tree;  
Where wild flowers spring,  
And blue-birds sing,  
To Thee, dear old Olentangy!

Where black-snakes creep,  
Where bullfrogs leap,  
Where flies the bumblebee;  
Where roosters crow  
Near by thy flow,  
Near Thee, dear old Olentangy.

Where dogs do bark,  
Where flies the lark,  
Where the tom-cat gives a squall;  
Oh could I but be  
So near like Thee,  
The happiest of them all!

Oh magic bound,  
Could I but drownd  
My troubled thoughts in Thee,  
And then go on  
As Thou hast flown,  
Dear old Olentangy!

Where young lambs play,  
Where the mules bray,  
And are horses, cattle and swine;  
Near the ripples of thee,  
Dear old Olentangy,  
A grave I hope will be mine.

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A man's a duck,  
A luckless buck,  
An old sheep or a lamb;  
When says he,  
"I guess, for me,  
Nobody gives a damn!"

## EVE OF SPRING.

How beautiful! Nature which knows no fear,  
The moon full at its most and clear.

The glimmering crystals in the water, dance  
On its surface, ripple and prance!

The buds in the moonlight, the green grass  
    silent creep,

While the freshet, o'er the precipices leep!

See, the fish jumping in their play,

Or listen to the geese gossiping all the day;

Each expressing his own delight,

All a speaking with all their might,

All seemingly trying to say,

Each in his own foolish way,

“Is life worth living?” Ah, list' dear,

The frogs tell us “Spring is here.

And the rabbit, as he goes to his rest,

Laughs at the eggs which are in his nest.

## A FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

Many years ago, a brave old hunter went  
To the northern woods. He had spent  
Many winters there, before, with  
An old pard' whose name—just Smith.  
'Twas the winter of forty two,  
I don't know exactly, but it will do.

In a hut, they lived, built by their own hands,  
In the midst of the forest, in the woodlands.  
Every winter they would go  
To hunt and trap in the cold snow;  
Not in a strange country—but a country they  
knew,  
Nature's landscapes, trees and animals too.

Hunting in daytime, snoring at night,  
In their log cabin so far out of sight;  
Shooting, trapping skinning was life,  
Stabbing the bear with the bowie knife.  
Out in all kinds of the roughest, of weathers  
Ridding the birds of their once warm feathers.

Eating their hunted meat, or eating their honey  
These poor old fellows were out for money.  
No books had they, for they needed them not,  
With but one skillet, and only one pot;  
But, for both bird or beast was a ready shot  
Aimed right on the most fatal spot.

Continuing their cold labors day by day  
Trapping and hunting, both work and yet play.  
And of that winter of forty-two,  
A thrilling experience, I want to tell you:  
Well, as usual one fine wintry morning  
Those two hunters with cartridge belts adorning.

Guns on the shoulders of their tightly buttoned  
coats

They advanced into the woods like hungry  
coyots,

Until they reached the summit of a hill, of ground  
Looking all about, and looking all around,  
But seeing no signs of game in view  
They decided to separate—those men, two.

Well they did and nothing went wrong  
'Till all of a sudden a gun sounded bong,  
A bear, said he, did old man Wicket,  
And a terrible fight followed in that thicket;  
At first my heart was, as you'd call it, in my  
mouth  
And wished at that moment that I was farther  
South.

I shot and stabbed the old she-bear,  
Most any part of her, I cared not where;  
She slapped and clawed with her strong paws  
And showed me her teeth of pretty white gloss.  
Oh what a scrap of bear and of man,  
I want never to get into another again.

Finally her fight stopped, she began to retreat  
And at the same time I took to my feet;  
To my comrade a whole mile away  
I ran, and told him of the affray.  
We went back to finish the bear,  
We looked for her but she was not there.

We hunted for her when we got back  
And soon we were on the old bear's track.  
Directly ahead, in an open space  
She looked squarely at us, in the face,  
So cunning, so bold did she stand and stare  
As to say, Are you both going to fight this old  
she bear.

I'll fight her if you will, said I,  
Giving my friend an earnest eye;  
Proceed, said I, said he, proceed!  
And there we stood and disagreed  
For a quarter of an hour there we stood  
Asking each other if the other would.

Suddenly I stepped back and shot my gun,  
So did he. Both shouted mine, the bear was  
done,

And I can see in my own imagination  
Plain as any light on the whole creation,  
Standing together, still standing there,  
Disputing the question, Who killed the bear?

## TO MY DOG.

Come on old dog we'll take a strole  
Down to where is the swimming hole.  
For the day is hot, never knew no hotter,  
And we'll go and jump into the water.

When we get there at the pool  
We'll try awhile to keep cool,  
And then, old dog, my faithful dog,  
We'll drift awhile on a log.

Swim around and maybe dive,  
'Till close onto half-past five.  
If you fetch back that piece of rail  
I'll make you the hero of my tale.

We'll say the rail's a ship and full of men,  
And to save it a hero then!  
No courage though you must lack,  
If you go to bring it back.

I'll get on the raft and fall off,  
And, old dog when I cough,  
A signal of distress and for aid,  
Then show me stuff of which you're made.

A stone too I'll throw in  
And say it was a diamond ring.  
Come on old dog be like a man,  
You'll get it if you can.

And if we get tangled in a bur  
I'll pick them all out of your fur,  
The cats we'll chase on the way,  
For we'll be out for the day.

And then old dog if we're chased by bees  
We'll jump in again as tho' they'd be flees.  
When at home through the heat,  
I'll give you a piece of meat.

If I get into a fight and am underneath,  
Show them that you have some teeth.  
Then on my old dog I'll depend,  
For the old dog's a faithful friend.

Nearer six than half-past five  
When at home we would arrive.  
Oh what a joy when went way  
Down to the pond on a scorching hot day.

## OLD BILL WHITE.

White was his skin and White was his name,  
And white were the words which won for him  
fame.

A jolly old man on yon hill, lived Old Bill  
White,

And to tell big stories 'twas for him a delight.  
His living he'd earned and a good one at that;  
His eye sight poor, nearly blind as a bat.  
When asked of him his critical view,  
Well, says he, Don't give a damn if I do.

Talk on any subject, no difference to him,  
One side he'd argue with wonderful vim.  
One evening as we all sat around in the store  
A hugging the stove and waiting for more  
To come in and join us in our evening meet,  
There was seen to approach an old man, up the  
street.

'Twas old Bill White, and when invited in too,  
Well, says he, Don't give a damn if I do.

We were raised right up in the same neighbor-  
hood.

And of old Bill White 'twas said that he could  
Catch as many fish with the stories he'd tell  
As the devil'd catch men as fuel for hell.  
Stories this evening were for awhile a scarce  
article;

It seemed as if no one at all cared a particle.  
Called upon old Bill for what he knew,  
Well, says he, Don't give a damn if I do.

Out started Bill in the height of his glory,  
Soon was ended his very first story.  
As usual he'd finish with the climax  
Right at the end as he plays down his jacks;  
Everybody now all stirred up ready to win  
The chance to tell the next one and try to beat  
him.

Of every three turns Bill would take two,  
Well, said he, Don't give a damn if I do!

And soon Bill started one, 'twas about prayer,  
And soon all of us joined in, to find out where  
He did his praying or if he ever prayed.  
Says he, I pray after when upon the bed I'm  
laid.

Some doubted the most, his every word;  
Some said, He never prayed as we never heard.  
Asked if he ever changed tic-tacks from the old  
to the new,  
Well, said he, Don't give a damn if I do.

Said he, of course you'd think it a sin  
But this is the way I usually begin:  
Almighty Father of earth and sky,  
Help me tomorrow to tell a big lie.  
We could not doubt it for he was at it now,  
And to start an argument was to start a row.  
Asked of him to answer a question or two,  
Well, says he, Don't give a damn if I do.

One of the questions which was put at him,  
Don't you think your chances of Heaven are  
slim?

He studied it over at its full scope,  
Said he, Where there's life there's always hope.  
It was for the boys down our way great fun  
As old White his white yarns he'd unspun.  
Adjourn, we would, sometimes at two,  
Well, said he, Don't give a damn if I do.

He never missed an evening, sunshine or rain,  
And he never forgot to come back again.  
He was an honest old soul of an honest old type;  
'Twas the same when he left as when he came,  
his glasses he'd wipe.

As we bid him good night sometimes we'd say,  
Well be good Bill and don't forget to pray!  
Whether he did or not we never knew—  
Well, said he, Don't give a damn if I do.

## BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, (VA.)

Sheridan at Winchester, his army at the creek,  
While Early handled the Confederate force  
with care,  
Advanced, attacked, and that good and quick,  
He drives the Yankees several miles to the  
rear.

Twenty miles away was heard the cannon's  
boom,  
Twenty miles before him and his command,  
Sheridan's horse soon, covered with foam,  
Gallops at full speed for to take a hand.

The dust of the road gathers up like a cloud  
Under the hoofs of the warrior's steed,  
For the rider and charger have allowed  
To get up in the fight with all speed.

On, on they fly, each jump one jump nearer  
To the scene of the battle, yet they haste on,  
And the sound of the guns grows clearer and  
clearer;  
But what! says he, my men are gone!

He finds that his men were driven back;  
He plunges his spurs into the horse's side,  
For the Johnnies now have the Union camp to  
sack,  
Yet he, if possible, to turn the battle's tide.

Still flying onward he overtakes his men.  
Sheridan!—a cheer, and for his horse a cheer,  
As his steed, as a black demon comes up with  
them  
And is wheeled around, by them so near.

He yells, as he raises himself on his horse,  
    “Turn boys turn, we’re going back!”  
His sword they see and quickly they course  
    Once more to the attack.

They follow their leader, they charge with ire,  
    Forward they plunged headlong in the flame.  
Before they faced a rain of fire  
    Behind, they left a reign of fame.

## CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MT.

'Twas in the year A. D. 1863,  
Not any less, not any more be,  
The Confederates from Lookout's heights  
Beheld General Hooker's men appearing as  
mites

At the base of old Mt. Lookout;  
Yet understood not all 'twas about.

Formed at the base of the craggy bluff,  
Upward they plunge, it was enough;  
Upward they went through weeds and briar,  
Forward they faced a deadly fire.  
Sturdily they climbed o'er rocks and roots,  
Some crawling almost out of their boots.

Guns all loaded with bayonets fixed,  
Soon into the fight they hurriedly mixed,  
Almost unexpectedly they reach the top,  
But not even the crest would them stop  
'Till driving the rebels right straight o'er—  
Ah, where was victory more brilliant before!

## TO OLIVE.

Once upon a time, 'tis said  
We were lovers, you and I:  
Perhaps 'twas so the day I sped  
Out to your home, to see you, did fly.

The days—oh those days of youth,  
When friendship was dearest to both of us.  
When I could my troubles soothe  
Or quiet down a dreary fuss.

Those eyes of blue I remember still,  
Those eyes whose charm so great;  
But now alone, I can but see my fill,  
And ponder at my fate.

You have not loved, but turned me down,  
What more could be expected,  
For there's another in the town  
My fate' to await—rejected.

Aha, dear girl, let's make it no worse,  
'Tis only for the better.  
Let old Time take his course  
And permit from me again, a letter.

I am sorry it has come to this,  
That I, my troubles must tell  
To one from whom I can never expect a kiss,  
To one to whom I now bid farewell.

Even tho' we're parted—you love me no  
more,

Let us not quit as enemies,  
Tho' another you may adore.

In love he may stay, in love he may  
freeze.

Not leastly but at the last,

Let us then at all ends

Not be mad, nor forget the past,

But instead remain as ever—friends.

## SELLING BOOKS.

To tell it in rhyme,  
Well, once upon a time  
    As all good stories run,  
I peddled books  
Depending (?) on my looks;  
    Just for a little fun.

Won't you come in?  
This way they begin—  
    Then in I go, quite bold,  
Slam the door to—  
I believe I once knew you—  
    Yes, the day is cold.

Won't you have a chair,  
Well, what have you there?  
    'Tis a book of the great fire.  
The room grew quite warm  
For soon too, a heated storm  
    When he called me a liar.

No use with us  
Try to pick a fuss,  
    That we do not do!  
Well the price is half  
When bound in calf;  
    I'd like to sell one to you.

Ah, well we know  
How the agents blow,  
    For they all do lie.  
Well, others may do it  
But I never knew it—  
    Oh no, not I!

Show you, so you can see,  
Probably then with me, you'll agree.

No use at all, is it, Jane?  
Well, you ought to try it,  
You need not buy it,—  
But he shook at me his cane.

And well I did know  
'Twas time to go,  
Said I, It's getting late.  
As I took a look  
At the clock—the book  
The book had met its fate!

We cannot read it,  
We do not need it,  
We don't want it,—so  
Get out! For a girl or a boy  
It may be great joy,  
Well, we never thought of them,  
now go!

There I saw  
The love of a pa,  
Or a papa, as you may call him.  
For his children dear,  
Who were so near,  
Some one ought to maul him.

These little things  
To me it brings,  
Presents to my life.  
It looks up high,  
To a sacred tie—  
To me and my wife.

A lesson then,

It has been,

Will I ever forget my dear ones,

I hope it never,

It makes one shiver,

No love for daughter or sons.

---

He was known to be as mean as a pup,

Well, they both lived in town,

She'd ask him to call her up,

But she'd only call him down!

Down on the Equator, in the torrid zone,

This way they talk over the telephone.

## OBADIAH AND MARIAH.

In a corner he sat at close of the day,  
Disputing with his wife whether or not to move  
away.

They were getting thin, in flesh so awfully poor,  
The neighbors advised them to try a sure cure.  
With him, it was all alright,  
For he was ready to start this very night;  
But not with his good old wife Mariah,  
Said she, if I was good enough to be born,  
then I'll die in Ohio.

Why what would you do with the cow, the  
pig and the horse?

That's quite simple—take'em along of course!  
But the idea, said she, to take them along  
Would only seem to me that you, as usual are  
wrong;

And quoth Mariah, up quoth she,  
And where are you going, will you ever tell me?  
Then up spoke the old man, whose name  
Obadiah,

Why any place, Mariah, just to get out of Ohio.

Why we can move to the state of intoxication,  
Some say it's the best, of all the nation;  
Or, said he, I'll make another choice,  
A leetle bit farther on west and be in Illinois.  
Soon gentle Mariah took her old man by the  
arm

Just to remind him that she owned the farm;  
Says she to her husband, says she, Mariah,  
If I was good enough to be born, then I'll die  
in Ohio.

Both retired at nine, their usual time to go to  
bed,

'Bout goin' way was the last words they said.  
In the morning Mariah still mad, awoke,  
But then Obadiah said, it was all a joke;  
And after this, when I talk of goin' away  
Then I wish you, Mariah, would just say,  
Now please look right here to me Obadiah,  
Don't you think 'twould be best to stay in Ohio?

'Twas about the middle of the next forenoon,  
Mariah at her ironing board whistling a tune;  
When about ten in stepped Obadiah in his way  
so quiet,  
But his very presence nearly stirred up a full-  
fledged riot.

He had hardly spoken a word or two  
When swiftly past his head a flat-iron flew.  
'Twas but little he said, this man Obadiah,  
But said Mariah, if I was good enough to be  
born here, then I'll die in Ohio!

## THE YOUNG PIANIST.

My little lady sits on the piano stool,  
At first sight you might think her a fool,  
But ah, they tell me she has gone to a music  
school.

There she is, and for her size  
With her glasses over her eyes,  
The results to one, is a surprise.

Her eyes tho' poor, the music she reads,  
No one else helps her, she needs,  
No help as she calmly proceeds.

We ought now look out for a harsh note  
May settle way down in our throat,  
If it happens to be that way wrote.

Sometimes she speeds, sometimes very slow  
So then we hardly do know  
Whether it is the game or a jack, high or  
low.

Sometimes softly, sometimes loud,  
Some notes timid, and others proud,  
Others pushing as in the rush of a crowd.

We hardly know what to do  
When she finishes at the end as she gets  
through,  
For what to say we hardly knew.

So we asked her to play some more,  
And soon o'er the keyboard she tore—  
While we desperately thinking began to  
feel sore.

At the end she turns for compliments,  
And we, trying to use our good common  
sense,  
Asked her kindly to play, "Cat on the  
Fence."

We could hear the old cat lick her paws,  
We could see his fur shine as of a gloss,  
We could hear him growl so very cross.

A wail we hear, or perhaps a moan,  
As someone pulls his tail he begins to groan  
For his own tails sake he wants to be left  
alone.

Finally he gets loose, away he runs,  
No more on the fence he stops and suns  
Himself, for he's afraid of the young ones.

Soon he reached the very next post,  
Jumped to the ground and in the weeds lost,  
And then we applauded our host.

That's grand, my friend said to me,  
I said, It sounds like Paderwski,  
And she, the pianist, let the compliments be.

---

Fate,  
Always great,  
Does not wait  
To love or hate.

## ESAU BUCK.

(A Parody.)

'Twas way down in the state of Arkansas  
Where but little attention is given to law,  
A man whose sons had all grown up  
Hired, when all were gone, a man, Esau Buck.  
Said he, this Esau, the new hired man,  
For you I'll do the best I can.  
He often said, as around his work he tore,  
I'd be willing to do just a little more.

So on the very first working day  
The old man to Esau did say,  
There are some poles down in the woods  
And you're the man to deliver the goods.  
So willing Esau with a team strolls,  
To bring him up the load of poles;  
The old gent had an awful cough,  
But he was able to help dump them off.

Early the next morn ere the day did break,  
Esau, who was an early riser, arose when  
awake,

'And no sooner was he out of his bed  
When to the old man went and smilingly said,  
What will I do for you this day?  
Well, was the reply, you may  
Keep the old ram out of the garden, saw up  
that wood  
And the rest of the day just try to be good.

Esau hurries around, whistles and sings,  
And he hitched up for the old man who had  
to go to town after some things.  
And soon after the old gent had gone awhile,  
Esau with an old saw, went to saw up the  
pile;  
But the saw failed to saw to his claw-like  
hands,  
Even tho' to him his strength expands;  
So finally when Esau saw that the saw was  
no good,  
Said he, its of no use with this saw to try saw  
up the wood.

The old man soon returned—  
Eagerly for his coming had Esau yearned.  
He drove into the barnyard when he got back  
And while unhitching his stubborn old Jack,  
Says he to Esau, did you saw up the wood?  
But Esau shivered and said, I did the best I  
could.  
He put on his specks, for his eyesight was dim  
While Esau tried to explain the saw to him.

Esau stood and at the wood and saw did stare  
While the old gent calmy said, that'er saw is  
no good I declare!  
But if I'd known that that saw went wrong,  
I'd just brought for you a new bucksaw along.  
At this the old lady, his wife, came out  
To see what they argued about;  
Said she, whom all had called maw,  
We're clear out of wood and I wish someone  
would saw.

So for his wife's sake, that very same day  
He sent Esau after a saw to a neighbor's  
away;

In due time he returned with a new bucksaw  
And handed it to the old man, better known  
as paw.

Said he, the old man, as Esau unhitched,  
If it 'aint a good onc, I'll be switched!  
And, says he to Esau, as this saws pretty good  
Esau Buck, here's a bucksaw to saw up the  
wood.

Into the garden the old buck his way had  
made,

And Esau started after him with a spade,  
A slur the old buck seemed burr as he pranced  
Past Esau, and out of the garden quickly  
danced;

For Esau was to keep from the garden the  
old buck out

Or do next winter without good old sauerkraut.  
Now Esau for a moment not careing what he  
done,

Stopped to examine the new saw as it glisten-  
in the sun.

The old buck a smooth old buck was he,  
For he saw to get even with Esau Buck, a  
good opportunity.

And while Esau bent looking the bucksaw o'er  
The old buck saw saw his chance to make  
Esau Buck sore;

Then back he ran, as only a buck can,  
Towards Esau Buck, the new hired man.

But Esau saw him coming clear  
And siezed an ax which was lying near.

But the old buck saw Esau come at him,  
Dodged the axe and made Esau Buck's head  
swim;

And of all planets, including old Mars,  
None ever saw such numberless stars  
As Esau Buck fell on the bucksaw nearby;  
But the old man but saw it and said, oh my!  
He then out to help Mister Buck  
Out of his bit of hardest of luck.

But a very little better did Esau fare  
When the old man finally got to him there,  
For the old buck had him rightly down'd,  
So bound to pound Esau around and around.  
And when the men saw Esau couldn't saw up  
the wood,  
They quietly left, declaring in the future to  
be good;  
Esau said something, it did draw the old  
man's attention,  
The rest may be guessed, for we care not to  
mention.

,

## WITH A SQUIRREL.

I sat on the banks of a stream one day  
With my pole in hand a fishing away  
And a squirrel in the top of a tree  
Sat and looked down on me  
And soon he began to chirp and talk—  
At first I thought he'd only mock,  
Or perhaps just blink and gawk.

But he kept on and at me fired,  
'Till I grew quite a little tired;  
And when I looked to him to ask,  
He only kept on faster in the task.  
How do you do my little friend—  
But he did only twist a little and bend  
But no friendship did he lend.

Well, stated he, I do as I please  
In this warm weather or in a freeze  
I can eat and run and enjoy  
Myself far better than you, my boy!  
I saw he wanted to argue, so  
I just then quietly answered, No!  
And into an argument we did go.

In a higher place am I than you,  
In this world so bright, so new;  
My friends I number by the score,  
And my children are all fat—all four.  
My wife she lives in the very next tree,  
Sometimes she comes to dine with me;  
She stays away more for we can't agree.

I thought of my sweetheart and he read my  
thoughts,  
Said he, your love is blank full of noughts;  
If you would do as I have done,  
My advise take and your love is won.

He went on to tell, tho' seemed more to  
tease.

I thought no more of his talk than of the  
trees

Or the harmless hum of some harmless bees.

Too soon the black cloud came along,  
Came up quite quick, came up quite strong,  
It came faster than I had come.

With all my might, I flew 'towards home;  
And many times since I think of the squirrel  
For to argue with him was as good as a  
pearl;

And many times since I think of the girl.

## ETHEL'S CHARMING MUSIC.

When Ethel plays on the piano,  
Striking the different keys,  
You can hear her voice, soprano,  
Like the roaring of wildest seas.  
The frogs in the neighborhood  
Keep still as she begins to sing  
For the melody of her voice so good,  
Joy to their hearts does bring.

The chickens their cackle do stop,  
As they hear her voice,  
As her fingers speedily hop,  
And their hearts rejoice.  
The horses quit their neighing,  
The cows their bellowing too,  
As Ethel, on the piano, keeps playing,  
And the dogs stop their barking, yes  
they do!

## TO AN OAK.

How dear to me  
The great oak tree  
That stood in my mother's field.  
The deed is made  
And I'm afraid,  
It also must gently yield.

Still yet it stands  
It's outstretched hands,  
Great limbs that tower above me;  
It's drooping limbs  
Hum but the hymns,  
Like Voice which once did love me.

Oh let me steal  
To thee and kneel  
In the presence of my God,  
Where tears may flow,  
Where a few years ago  
Were tears shed by but a tod.

## HIS FAREWELL.

Goodbye dear girl, thus once said a fellow,  
No more we'll stand out under an umbrella,  
Out in the storm of wind or of the rain,  
So farewell for we'll never stand there again.

I now have the love of another young maid,  
And as my declining love for you does fade,  
There is where I positively can go in,  
There is where a heart can always win.

Farewell, farewell, the only hope of mine  
Is, that no more you might ever pine  
For me, for together tho' never fell  
Out, dear girl, I must now say farewell.

Hushed in the storm of wind and of snow,  
For what element bids me woe as I now go.  
All for the better, I hope 'tis for me,  
All for the better and good luck to thee.

## MY LAST DESIRE.

'Tis the songs I used to sing,  
When life was yet as a joyous spring;  
Earth's joys to me no bounds did know,  
When I from infancy up did grow,  
And to help the thing along,  
Then it was to sing a song.

Sweet the memories of the past,  
But they are only while we last,  
They are not after we are gone  
If we possess them as our own.  
Great it is to live at ease,  
Without torment, free from tease.

Life's work done lie down to die,  
And to breathe our parting right;  
Then let it not then be said,  
He is good, when he is dead.  
If a compliment is giving,  
Why not tell it while we are living.

When at death's door we come to,  
Then if you want to help me through,  
Then let me have my longing desire,  
And probably save me from the fire  
Into which are cast all the wrong—  
Oh give me a joyful song.

## MY FRIEND CROW.

With great black body, great black wings,  
The crow sits on yon tree and sings,  
Whether 'tis love, or whether law,  
We cannot tell by his caw caw.  
And as he sits up in the tree  
He'll caw for you and caw for me.

He is up early in the morn,  
Maybe you'll find him in the corn;  
Whether 'tis law, whether 'tis love,  
He'll caw caw around us above;  
But cannot tell just what he says—  
Whether he means no or a yes.

Cold weather comes, then he does go,  
Fly to the south ere it does snow.  
No more then we do here him here  
With his own caw caw sounding clear.  
But you can bet with body black  
Next spring to see your old friend back.

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## AFTER THE CONTEST.

When figures seek,  
Then figures speak—  
You know they can't lie,  
The Blues ahead,  
Have downed the Red  
By great majority.  
The contest o'er  
The great hall door  
Is opened for the Blues.  
For when they fight  
For what is right,  
Then how could they lose.

'They look so sweet,  
The Reds when beat,  
But no more they've said.  
Now you'll agree  
Along with me,  
I'd hate to be a red.

'Their mouths they lick,  
They do look sick,  
But what is the use.  
'They would not tell  
'They ever fell  
Down before the Blues.

'They said they'd give  
As sure's they'd live  
If there's no cheating,  
Right in this hall,  
A kind social  
If they were beaten.

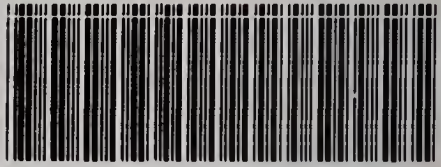
The fight is won,  
The Reds are done,  
Ready us to greet.  
While you ponder  
Look back yonder  
All in a back seat.

Then cheer the Blues,  
Oh what's the use,  
Some one back there said;  
Why then we'll cheer  
For those who're here,  
Blue side and the Red.



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